

## THIEF IDENTIFIED BY HEEL-PRINT IN WOMAN'S PILLOW

Two Burglars Caught After  
Two Hours' Wild Pursuit  
Through Back Yards.

ABANDON \$8,000 LOOT.

Fugitives First Plead With  
Women for Aid, Then Hurl  
One Downstairs.

A V-shaped cut in the rubber heel of one of his shoes was the undoing early to-day of a burglar. That white space in the smudge of his footprint on a woman's pillow, whether he had leaped blindly in a desperate plunge through the window of her bedroom, killed so exactly with the cut in John Jordan's heel that it will send him to the penitentiary.

Jordan's indiscretion in stepping through a lady's window on to her pillow was but one incident in a whirlwind chase that kept the clock bounded by Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, Sixth and Seventh avenues in tumultuous uproar for nearly two hours after midnight this morning. One more burglar of a gang supposed to number four or five was captured and thousands of dollars' worth of silks and fine velvet garments were saved by the activity of a half dozen policemen.

William Pitt, watchman for a burglar protection agency, was about to make his rounds of a 12-story loft building at No. 14 West Twentieth street at 1 o'clock. The building is occupied by manufacturers of women's cloaks, furriers and makers of other fine articles of feminine apparel. Pitt found that there was a key in the lock inside of the front door and this circumstance aroused his suspicions.

Pitt summoned Policeman Weltsch from his fixed post at Nineteenth street and Seventh avenue and after Weltsch came running up rapping for help on the resounding pavement the special watchman, armed with his duplicate key to push the key inside the door to the floor and open the door.

**\$8,000 WORTH OF LOOT PILED HIGH; COPS HOT ON TRAIL.**

With Policeman Matheron and Kilgore, who had come up in answer to Weltsch's rapping, Weltsch and the watchman started to make a quick tour of the building. They discovered on the eighth floor that the burglars had broken open an outside door to the establishment of Kessler and Company, women's suit makers, but that an inner door of iron had defied their best efforts. Then on the fourth floor, occupied by Julius Cohen and Company, the policemen came on the hot trail of the marauders.

The special lock in the door had been pried off and the door itself partially lifted from its hinges. Inside the piles of expensive cloaks and suits had been piled by the connoisseur's hand and \$8,000 worth of opera cloaks, bolts of silk and velvet and expensive women's gowns had been piled in the middle of the floor, ready for transportation.

While the officers were examining this loot they heard sounds of voices back of the building and then a revolver shot. They immediately dashed down to the ground floor and let themselves out into the maze of yards and high fences between the rows of buildings fronting on Twentieth and Twenty-first streets. The burglars had evidently made a quick descent by way of the fire escape when they heard the policemen coming into the building, and now they were trying to make a get-away over fences to the side streets.

**SHOTS FLY WILD TILL POLICE STOP NERVOUS MARAUDERS.**

Just as the first policeman dashed out of the rear of the loft building he heard a voice lifted in pleading: "Italians are after us and will shoot us. Please let us through your house to the street."

By this time other policemen had come and had surrounded the entire block. The burglars seemed to be trapped. Everybody in the neighborhood was awake and voices called back and forth from window to window. A man with a revolver took vagrant shots at every moving blotch in the darkness until the policemen called upon him to quit.

Leut. McIlroy, who had come with reserves from the West Seventeenth street station, ordered every foot of the ground between Sixth and Seventh avenues to be searched. The first man they caught was John Daly of No. 449 West Sixteenth street. He was hiding in a fence corner behind the house at No. 144 West Twenty-first street. He was dressed all in black, even to his shirt, and detectives and policemen had panned his hiding place many times before Detective Martin caught a flash of white. Daly had moved his hand to scratch his nose and that gesture gave him away.

Then, when the pursuit drew nearer over fences and across little yards, the other four men grew desperate. The fugitives jumped suddenly to the top of a fence at the rear of the house at No. 144 West Twenty-first street, a rooming house owned by Mrs. Sarah E. Sangster. The back parlor, which was on the level of the fence, was occupied by Dr. Eleanor McNulty, a dentist.

**CATCH THE MAN WHO STEPPED ON WOMAN DOCTOR'S PILLOW.**

Three men suddenly plunged through the window on to Dr. McNulty's bed

## Woman Doctor and Friend, Miss Hudson, Whom Thieves Hurlled Down Stairs



without even waiting to raise the cash. She screamed, and as they ran through her room Miss Evelyn Hudson, a roomer occupying an adjoining bedroom, ran into the hall and pluckily tried to stop the leading burglar in his dash to the front door.

He whirled her off her feet by a grip on her nightgown and dropped her over the banisters to the basement floor. Then the three men threw open the front door and clattered down the steps to the street.

It was a minute or so afterward that a householder called to Policeman Straney that one of the burglars was walking on the opposite side of the street.

Straney pounced upon him. He was breathing heavily, and when asked why he showed this evidence of exertion he said he had the asthma. Later the notch in his rubber heel was noted and compared to the mark on Dr. McNulty's pillow, and this second prisoner, Jordan, was locked up.

The three other men who had run through Mrs. Sangster's boarding house escaped.

**TWO U. S. OFFICIALS SLAIN**

**BY KANSAS BOOTLEGGERS.**

Shot From Ambush as They Patrolled Roads in Auto—Two Others Fatally Wounded.

**COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Sept. 20.**—Two officers were killed and two mortally wounded to-day in an ambush by bootleggers. The officials, in an automobile, were patrolling the roads over which liquor is illegally carried. The assassins, after the shooting, threw their victims out of the machine and escaped in it.

A posse pursued the men into the Osage Mountains, where a capture is almost impossible.

The dead men are I. L. Bowman, United States Marshal of Tulsa, Okla., and Fred Mehring, United States Marshal of Dewey, Okla. The family wounded are W. R. Mayfield, City Marshal of Lenap, and Rev. Lockett, Deputy Marshal of South Coffeyville, Okla.

**Hurled to Death in Sand Slide.**

**ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 20.**—Angelo Ferio of Syracuse was carried onto the New York Central Railroad tracks by a slide of sand from a pile from which he was shovelling last night and landed directly in front of a moving train. The train passed over the man, who died shortly afterward in a hospital.

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**You can buy a Fall Hat or you can buy a stylish Fall Hat. If it is a Young it will be stylish—nothing else is allowed to bear the label.**

**Young's Hats**

**None Better Made.**

**Derbies and Soft Hats in exclusive Young designs \$3 & \$4**

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**Harlem Furniture Co.**

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**KILVE DESTROYS VERMIN ON CHILDREN'S HEADS**

**Clear & Market**

Destroys the eggs or bits that cling to the hair. Not oily or sticky. Will not interfere with the color or growth of the hair. NO TINE COMB NEEDED.

150, 152, 154 and 156. Sold at all Drug and Department Stores.

Mfg. by S. Schwartz, Newark, N. J.

**INFORMED OF THESE PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS,**

plus the probable calling of Gen. Bingham by the Aldermanic Committee to show him upon the former connection of Waldo with the Police Department, an Evening World reporter tried to get Gen. Bingham to discuss the subject to-day at his office in the Park Row Building.

**INGHAM EXPECTS TO TELL MORE ON STAND.**

"Not a word for publication," said Gen. Bingham. "I am going to be called again by the Aldermanic Committee, and I have nothing to say. If any one points an interview with me it is a case. I am dumb until I take the witness stand—absolutely dumb on police matters."

Commissioner Waldo was equally emphatic when asked, point-blank, whether he held a letter written in December, 1906, by Gen. Bingham, recommending him to the Secretary of War at the time Waldo resigned from the Police Department. He said: "If I have such a letter it will be produced at the proper time and place. I shall not discuss Gen. Bingham."

"It seems that during the first three months Waldo was connected with the Police Department under Gen. Bingham, no two better friends existed. Waldo's was a personal appointment made by Bingham, and the young First Deputy was given free rein in carrying out the orders of Bingham, and putting into effect such reforms as he deemed were for the improvement of the Department."

Suddenly, without warning, Waldo was sent to Europe. It was given out that Waldo was picked for the work of studying foreign traffic conditions as a mark of Bingham's great confidence in his ability. Waldo is said to have had no such delusions with respect to being

## 'FIRED WALDO,' SAYS BINGHAM; 'SHOW ME,' WALDO RETORTS

Present Commissioner's Old Feud With Predecessor May Be Ventilated by Aldermanic Investigators, With "Pull" Notes on Transfer Books in McClellan's Time.

"Waldo played the fool and I fired him as First Deputy. When he came back from Europe, after studying traffic conditions there, he did certain things and he had to get out."—Gen. Bingham, in a private conversation with Waldo.

"If I was fired as First Deputy by Gen. Bingham, how came it he wrote a two-page letter in his own handwriting recommending me to then Secretary of War William M. Taft? Gen. Bingham has evidently forgotten this letter, and I may run across it in my private files."—Police Commissioner Waldo in a private conversation with Bingham.

A long way from inquiry into the charges of graft arising out of the murder of Herman Rosenthal and even further away from an examination into present police conditions, it was learned to-day that the Aldermanic Police Investigating Committee seriously contemplates inquiring: "Did Waldo resign or was he forced out of the Police Department in 1908?"

The investigators also propose to learn why Captains O'Connor, Hodgins and Formosa were not made inspectors by Gen. Bingham. The Commissioner says that he passed them because they were not fit, but there are various stories afloat, to effect that certain definite reports were brought to the ears of Bingham which caused him to name other captains for the vacant inspectorships.

In conversation with friends both Gen. Bingham and Commissioner Waldo are reported to have freely discussed the conditions which resulted in the surrender of their relations six years ago.

Waldo says he resigned because Gen. Bingham got himself entangled with a crowd of false friends and advisors. Bingham intimates that Waldo was forced out because he was conspiring, presumably, to become head of the department, but he declares with characteristic emphasis that Waldo was both capable and honest.

**NOTES SHOW INFLUENCE OF TAMMANY LEADERS.**

Then, too, the Aldermanic Committee may bring to the surface a transfer book in the handwriting of former Secretary to the Commissioner Dan Slattery, which gives the names of the men shifted, and marginal notes conveyed the information that this or that Tammany district leader had made the request for the transfer. It is understood that Gen. Bingham is prepared to testify that he told Slattery to make these marginal notes,

shifted out of the country and when he returned, a few months later, he found that his former place in the confidence of Gen. Bingham was occupied by Dan Slattery, the former newspaper reporter.

**FEUD BETWEEN WALDO AND SECRETARY SLATTERY.**

A sort of running fight appears to have been carried on at Police Headquarters for some time between Waldo and Slattery, culminating in the exposure that a clerk of Slattery, named Mock, had been borrowing money all over the place. Mock was dismissed, and in the course of events Waldo ceased to hold the position of First Deputy Police Commissioner. As for Gen. Bingham, he seems to have wandered along under the guidance of Slattery until Mayor McClellan replaced him with Commissioner Baker.

Inasmuch as \$35,000 has been appropriated by the Board of Aldermen, and five ambitious young lawyers hired as counsel, there now appears to be every indication that many old closets will be opened and all the police skeletons may stalk forth. Having developed how Waldo got out of the Department six years ago, the Aldermanic Committee will then have before it for inquiry the police administrations of Baker and Cropper before getting down to the acts of the incumbent Commissioner Waldo, which include the installation of the fixed posts, the improvement of the traffic regulations and the removal of the bulk of the police force from the temptations for graft surrounding the getting of evidence against gambling places, disorderly houses and saloons.

**Strangles Self With Suspenders.**

John McGregor, a farmer, was found dead in his bed at McClellan's Hotel, No. 98 Vesey street to-day. McGregor, who was apparently without money, had stretched his suspenders to the utmost extent of the elastic and, binding them about his throat, had allowed them to strangle him to death. From papers found in his pockets the police believe he worked on a farm at Lakewood, N. J.

## CLEAN YOUR LIVER AND 30 FEET OF BOWELS WITH "SYRUP OF FIGS."

More effective than calomel, castor oil or salts; gently cleanses the stomach, liver and bowels without nausea or griping. Children dearly love it

You know when your liver is bad, when your bowels are sluggish, when you feel a certain dullness and depression, perhaps the approach of a headache, your stomach gets sour and full of gas, tongue coated, breath foul, or you have indigestion. You say, "I am bilious or constipated and I must take something to-night."

Most people shrink from a physician, they think of castor oil, calomel, salts or cathartic pills.

It's different with Syrup of Figs. Its effect is as that of fruit; of eating coarse food; of exercise. Take a teaspoonful of delicious Syrup of Figs to-night and you won't realize you have taken anything until morning, when all is clogged up waste matter, sour bile and constipation poisons move on and out of your system, without griping, nausea or weakness. Nothing else cleanses and regulates your sour, disordered stomach, torpid liver and thirty feet of waste-clogged bowels like gentle, effective Syrup of Figs. Don't think you are drugging yourself. Being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics, it can not cause injury.

If your child is cross, sick and feverish, or its little stomach sour, tongue coated, give Syrup of Figs at once. It's really all that is needed to make children well and happy again. They dearly love its pleasant taste.

Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna" and look on the label for the name—California Fig Syrup Company. That, and that only, is the genuine. Refuse any other fig syrup substitute with contempt.

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Enamel Bed \$3.98

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Club plans or ridiculously small deposits will attract the inexperienced buyer, but wise shoppers will look for honest concerns that don't draw prospective buyers into a maze of high priced and fraudulent conditions. Based on our straightforward dealing in home out by the fact that we are one of the largest furniture and carpet dealers in the country in the fact that we are one of the largest purchasing power, we are enabled to offer you exceptional values.

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**Out-of-Town Deliveries Made by Our Motor Trucks**

**\$37.50 Brass Bed Outfit**

\$19.50 Brass Bed, \$10.00 Mattress, \$5.00 Spring, \$3.00 Bolster.

Complete at \$25.00

Outfit consists of a five-year guaranteed Brass Bed, with 5-in. continuous post, 7 heavy slats, with hanks on each; a luxurious layer-felt Mattress, with Imperial edge and fancy tick, open Bolster, in blue or pink. Sanitary vermin-proof Spring. This outfit can be had in all regular sizes.

**Axminster Rugs**

6x9, Value \$16, at \$11.50

8x10, Value \$25, at \$17.98

10x12, Value \$32, at \$26.98

12x14, Value \$40, at \$33.98

14x18, Value \$50, at \$42.98

16x20, Value \$60, at \$51.98

18x24, Value \$75, at \$64.98

20x28, Value \$90, at \$77.98

22x32, Value \$110, at \$95.98

24x36, Value \$130, at \$113.98

26x40, Value \$150, at \$131.98

28x44, Value \$175, at \$154.98

30x48, Value \$200, at \$177.98

32x52, Value \$225, at \$199.98

34x56, Value \$250, at \$221.98

36x60, Value \$275, at \$243.98

38x64, Value \$300, at \$265.98

40x68, Value \$325, at \$287.98

42x72, Value \$350, at \$309.98

44x76, Value \$375, at \$331.98

46x80, Value \$400, at \$353.98

48x84, Value \$425, at \$375.98

50x88, Value \$450, at \$397.98

## A Song of Pabst "Blue Ribbon" Beer

"'T is a drink for the gods," and my sweet ladye fayre,  
Raised a glass to her ripe, rosy lips,—  
And honeybee-like, on a hollyhock spike,—  
She daintily sips and sips:  
"I drink to your health, to joy and to wealth,  
To years of delight and of cheer;  
And to this I drink,—bid your glasses to clink,—  
To PABST FAMOUS 'BLUE RIBBON' BEER."



"As water that springs from the hillside and sings,  
And laughs its way down to the glade,—  
Just as pure this beer, so drink without fear,  
For 't is best the world ever made.  
'T is science, and art, 't is conscience, the heart,  
With nothing to shun nor to fear,—  
Drink once more to my toast, the Nation's great boast,  
PABST FAMOUS 'BLUE RIBBON' BEER."

Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles, showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.

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This Mahogany Rocker with Every \$25.00 Purchase.

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